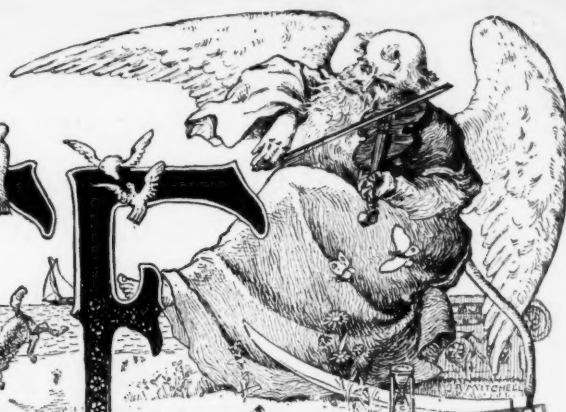


# LIFE



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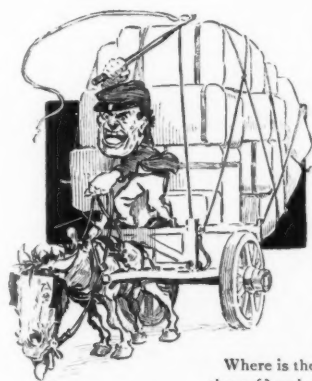


REST AND RECUPERATION.

## Happy Man!

HAD Mr. John P. Haines the sensitiveness of the rhinoceros, his feelings, nowadays, might be lacerated. But to this comfortable person public indignation has become a breakfast food. He fattens on it. The distrust and open disapproval of good citizens merely add to his complacency. As to public indignation, the following extract from a letter of Mr. Robert Sedgwick to Mr. Haines is merely an expression of prevailing sentiments:

Where is the S. P. C. A. and where are you, the President thereof? and what are you doing to be true to your trust and mitigate the cruelty around you? Sitting, I presume, as I have seen you, in a warm room, in one of the finest buildings in town, situated on one of the very best corners of the city, spending money on red tape; getting out that silly little paper your society publishes, which is filled with twaddle. Are you busy out in the streets, arresting this driver, calling down that one; a terror to every one of them, as Mr. Bergh was? Not you! Have I seen any of your men making arrests this whole winter? I have not. Have I seen any of your men either caution or restraining a driver? I have not. Is there any evidence daily in the streets that there is an S. P. C. A. in this city; that it is alive and active and doing good? There is not. The glory of the society has departed under your administration. Its name, which was once a terror to every driver, is an empty sound.



## Obliviscence.

JUST once, after he had been on the stand continuously for many hours, the great financier lost his temper, and retorted with an angry answer.

"I'm afraid you forget that you are a gentleman," observed counsel.

The rebuke struck home. The witness winced visibly. But he was not unwilling to justify himself.

"Where one is called on to forget so many things, all at once, one becomes confused, you know," he stammered.

"THE Ohio Legislature is thinking seriously of enacting a law which will give doctors the right to anticipate natural death in desperate cases"—*News of the Day*.

"The steam railways of the country killed 1,053 persons during the months of July, August and September."—*Ibid*.

Barring dirt and notoriety, life seems to be about the cheapest thing going.

THE MAGNATE: Do you mean to say, sir, that you will charge me \$1,000 for this operation if I live, and \$2,000 if I die? How is that?

GREAT SURGEON: If you die it will be so much easier to collect from the estate.

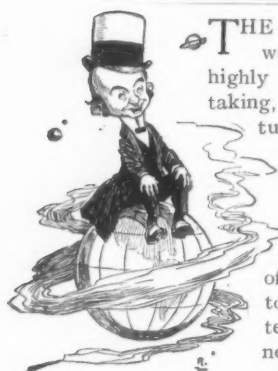




"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. MARCH 8, 1906. No. 1219.

17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE Panama Canal, as we all know, is a highly speculative undertaking, having many features and possibilities which no precedents govern. The President has tried faithfully to find out what kind of a canal we ought to build. Of the thirteen consulting engineers, five Europeans and three Americans guessed that a sea-level canal would give best satisfaction, and five Americans bet that we ought to build a canal with locks. Guided by these views the Canal Commission voted five to one for a canal with locks, Secretary Taft and Chief Engineer Stevens put their money on that pattern, and the President having taken counsel with a clairvoyant and some astrologers, recommended to Congress to build it that way. A lock canal, then, with its top-level eighty-five feet above the sea, is likely to be attempted, unless influences at present unforeseen move Congress to favor another design. We may save nearly a dollar and a half apiece by adopting the lock canal plan, and anywhere from four to twelve years in time; at least the estimates so indicate. We get the lock canal in about nine years for less than two dollars apiece, or \$140,000,000; or the sea-level for \$247,000,000 (about three dollars apiece) in twelve or thirteen years, or maybe twenty. For our part we do not grudge the extra dollar for the sea-level cut, but dislike very much to spare so much time. We are therefore well satisfied with the President's choice. It is the bolder choice of the two for all concerned in it, because if the eight-year canal fails to give satisfaction, a large pro-

portion of its promoters will still be alive on the earth and exposed to disparagement, whereas by the time the twenty-year canal has fully demonstrated its imperfections, most of its indorsers and promoters will be out of harm's way. It is a decided advantage of the eight-year plan that there will be a better chance to talk it over retrospectively with its originators.



THE railroad rates bill is almost as big a gamble as the canal. The ideal course to take with it would be to keep it forever imminent. The dread of it has already done much good and no harm, which is a better result than can reasonably be hoped for from any bill that becomes a law. But since the bill cannot hang fire indefinitely without impairing its efficiency as a regulator, let us hope it will be a little too stiff rather than a little too limp, since, once in operation, it will be easier to amend it to correct its faults of commission than its faults of neglect. It is always easier to shorten a dog's tail than to lengthen it. Now the railroads being the dog and the rates commission the tail, let us hope the tail will be of an effectual length to start with. If it wags the dog too violently, chop some of it off.



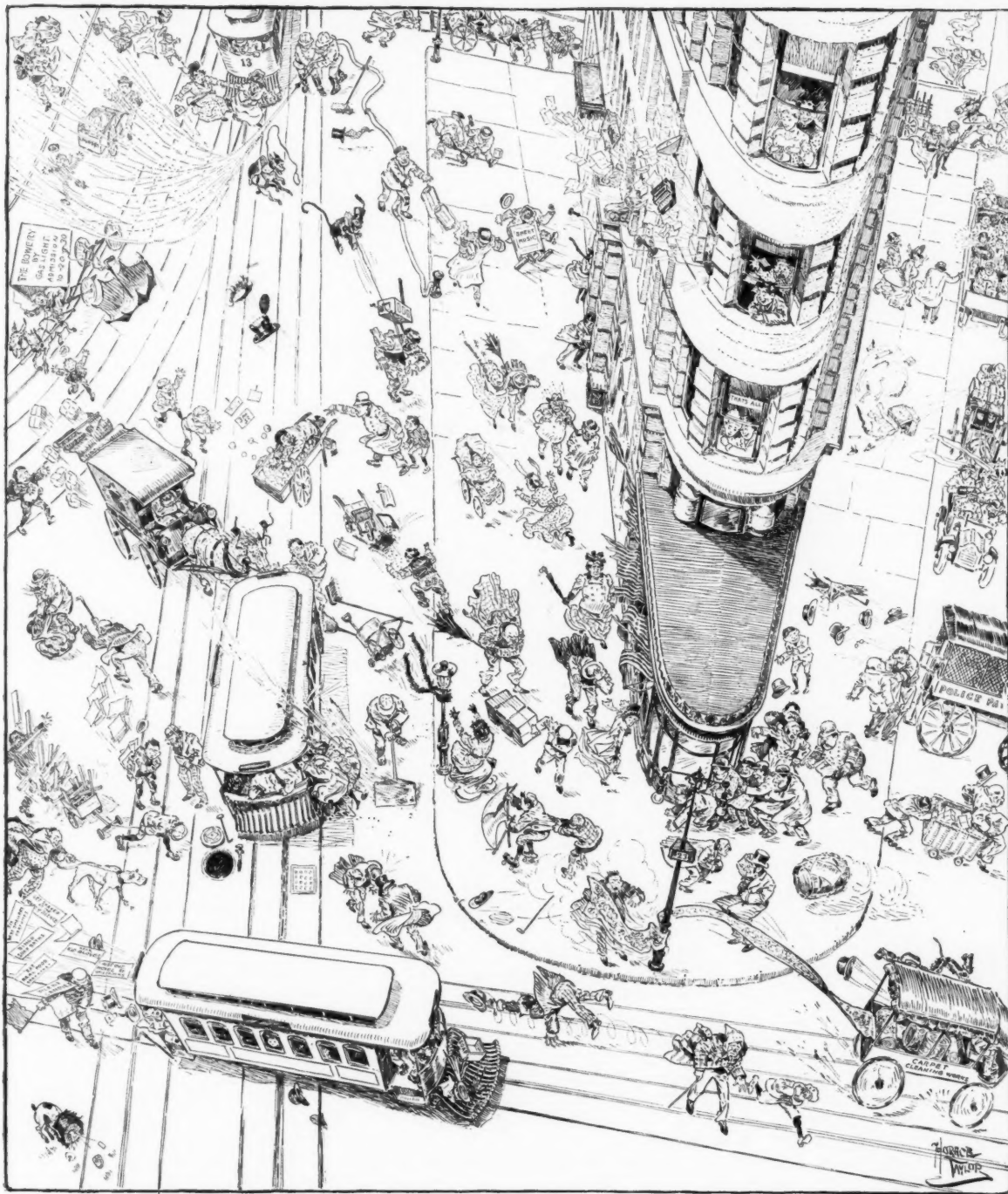
IT is proposed to stiffen the Elkins law against rebates by reviving the penalty of imprisonment which it first provided. That penalty was dropped and punishment by fine substituted on the supposition that if the gentler form of correction was provided, it might be possible to secure convictions, and so enforce the law. But very few convictions were ever accomplished, though the law was almost universally

broken by the railroads. It is said to be better observed since the rates bill agitation has stirred the whole matter up. If the old penalty should be revived and one or two convictions could be secured, it would doubtless have an immense effect in stiffening the backbones of the railroad men against the aggressive importunities of the shippers, and perhaps it might even modify the zeal of the big shippers in securing unlawful rates to the ruinous disadvantages of their smaller competitors. The spectacle of Mr. Armour, for example, doing time behind a grating for unlawful scrouging would be exceedingly painful, but there is no doubt that it would be an effectual hint that the Elkins law was not devised for a joke. Captain Van Schaick got a ten-year sentence the other day for ignoring a neglected law about fire drills and other precautions on excursion steamers. It was cruelly hard on him, but it put new life into the law which he had broken.



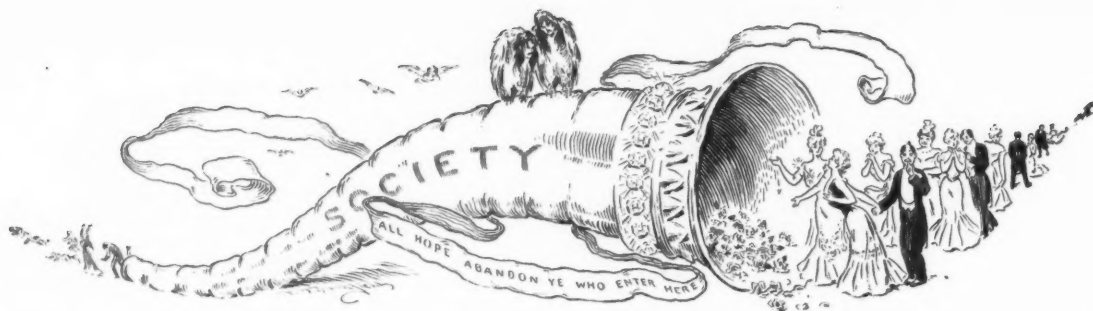
WE spoke last week about the predicament of army officers, in that their pay was fixed thirty-five years ago when the expense of living was very much less than it is now. It is always possible to estimate approximately what the cost of living is and how it varies year by year. If Congress cannot put back the cost of living to where it was thirty-five years ago, it ought to readjust the pay of the army and navy to fit the times. The just way to do would be to provide for the readjustment of Government salaries every five years to match the contemporary cost of living. The tariff and the immense increase in the production of gold have made prices high, and the folks with fixed salaries squirm in consequence. Such of them as get their salaries from the Government ought to have relief from the Government. Some of the others, as the college professors, are getting relief from other sources.





SNAPSHOTS FROM OUR AIRSHIP.

THE MARCH WIND.



IT is expected that the concert on Tuesday next at the residence—we almost said house—of Mrs. Stilon-Nuthen will be a brilliant affair. Being in aid of a new Home for Middle-Aged Rabbits, a large audience is anticipated. Anything under the patronage of the following names could hardly be a failure:

Mrs. Graiton Kloze.

Mrs. Pursey Strutt.

Mrs. Emtee Gabbor.

Mrs. Willie Jinnanseltz and Mrs. Blessal Trusts.

Miss Blabbie Oldpoint has just inherited another million from her uncle, Ananias Hogg, own brother of the Hon. Merger Hogg, whose stepfather's aunt, Miss Maria Bullion, was once engaged to—or had a lawsuit with—Dick Hollohed, a cousin once removed of Miss Blabbie's own adopted great-

uncle, Austen Tatius. And the Austen Tatiuses, as everybody knows, are closely allied to the Helwyth Manners. The present Mrs. Manners is a daughter of the Knott-Brights and own cousin to F Nuntoo Klevor. All nice people.



MISS BLABBIE OLDPOINT.

It is whispered that the ever-welcome society favorite, Jimmy Wursen-Yuceliss, went to sleep in a club window last Saturday and did not wake up until just before he opened his eyes. His mother was a Baltimore Rekkod.

The Countess Borro and Keap has just returned home on the Nausea. Society remembers her as one of the charming daughters of Mr. Burstyngside Boodle. She brought her husband about five millions of dollars and he seems to have brought her a black eye and a broken spirit. The Count is frankly in love with one or two other women and naturally resented his American wife's interference. The Countess's mother, who was a Fhule, brought about the match.

### The Starving Savant.



POET sat composing toasts

Before a fireless grate ;

A mangled pencil 'twixt his teeth,

Upon his lap a slate.

While 'neath his ribs, his appetite

Bespoke an "empty" dread.

"Oh would," sighed he, "instead

of words,

These toasts were made of bread !"

J. A. Brandt.

### Exposure Overdone.

THE magazines, having discovered that there is good money in exposure, are working it for all it's worth.

It is laudable to lay before the people facts, the publication of which tends to make for good morals.

It is a great question, however, where sincerity—"that first of virtues"—is not a necessity to any effective crusade,

and when we know that the magazines are simply working a new graft, are hiring at large salaries professional literary sleuths to boom their circulation, it is only a question of time when they are bound to go too far and produce a reaction in the public mind which will go far to nullify the good effects preceding it.

After reading the virulent attack on Chauncey Depew in the current *Cosmopolitan*, one is almost inclined to sympathize with that much-abused citizen.

### Times Have Not Changed.

THE growing distrust of vaccination is not shared by the *New York Tribune* :

"There were only nine deaths from smallpox in New York State last year.

Yet some persons still resist vaccination against a disease which once was and but for that safeguard would now be one of the most prevalent and deadly enemies of mankind."

But why those nine deaths?

Dollars to doughnuts that those nine persons had been vaccinated.

### Operatic.

A FAMOUS prima donna is reported to have said recently, "Conried an artist? Dear, no! Conried is a merchant, a stage carpenter—that is it, a stage carpenter, in comparison to Maurice Grau."

Many opera-goers have the same idea, but what a careless way to speak of the future director of our National American Theatre!

Himmel!

## Benevolent Suicide.



THAT meeting of the members of the S. P. C. A. on February 15th, in which John P. Haines packed the floor with employes of the Society and openly voted down all efforts for an investigation of himself and his methods was an "eye-opener" to the few personal friends who had previously believed in him. It was a good thing for the Society, as it destroyed all illusions concerning John P.

Haines, his methods and his purpose.

Speaking of methods, the following table is of interest as showing the difference in number of prosecutions for cruelty to animals made by the New York Society and the Washington Society during the last four years.

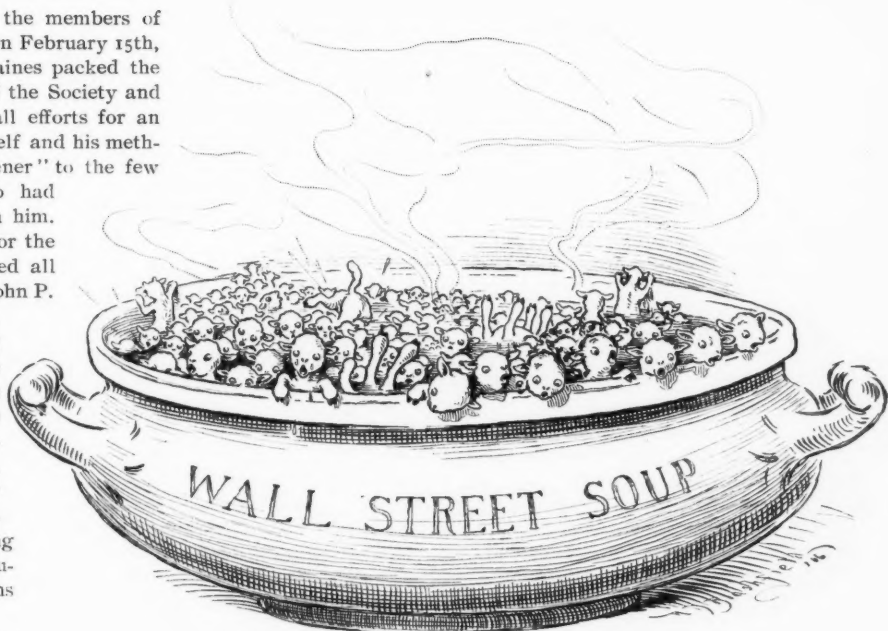
The reader will note that the New York Society simply reports its "arrests and prosecutions" without saying how many arrests resulted in prosecutions, nor how many of the prosecutions resulted in convictions.

N. Y. A. S. P. C. A.	WASH. HUMANE SOCIETY
1902	1902
General Expenses, \$116,000	General Expenses, Less than \$10,000
"Arrests and Prosecutions," 520	Prosecutions, 815
	Convictions, 809
	(But four inspectors were employed.)
1903	1903
General Expenses, \$117,000	General Expenses, Less than \$10,000
"Arrests and Prosecutions," 587	Prosecutions, 959
	Convictions, 940
	(Five inspectors only employed.)
1904	1904
General Expenses, \$126,000	General Expenses, \$9,160
"Arrests and Prosecutions," 753	Prosecutions, 1,234
	Convictions, 1,223
	(Six inspectors only employed.)
1905	1905
Annual Report not yet published.	General Expenses, \$8,464
	Prosecutions, 1,360
	Convictions, 1,335
	(Six inspectors only employed.)

As the protection of animals is the purpose for which the New York Society was organized, it is interesting to guess as to what John P. Haines, its president, has been doing with the funds.

### Save the Jury System.

A FORMER attorney-general of Massachusetts, Mr. Parker, has been talking about our jury system to the Harvard law students. He defended it. He was right. Our jury system is a good thing. Our laws are



"THE PUBLIC ARE IN."

fallible; our judges are only so-so; our lawyers are all kinds; most of our district-attorneys are under indictment by the newspapers. Where would we be if our apparatus of justice was not tempered in its workings by the abilities of our juries to bring in verdicts contrary

to the evidence, the law, the orders of the court and the arguments of the lawyers?

Juries are the life-belts on our great excursion steamer. They are usually stuffed with straw, or worse, but they make us feel safer when the whistle toots. They keep our hopes up, if not our chins, and we cling to them for what they ought to be.

Save the jury system! It is the palladium of our intentions. It tempers legislation with justice, and justice with reasonable doubts. Without it more of us would suffer for warrantable crimes and profit by unwarrantable privileges. And it is the great barrier between lynch-law and the corporations.

The jury system helps to preserve the balance of our institutions. We cannot spare it yet awhile. No! No!

### Necessity.

"PERKINS has separated from his wife and gone to live in bachelor apartments."

"What did he do that for?"

"He said he couldn't live without some of the comforts of home."



"MAD AS A MARCH HARE."



## The Silk Hat in the Suburbs.

### Life's Society for Its Suppression.

ALL PERSONS WISHING TO JOIN THIS ADMIRABLE CAUSE WILL PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH THIS OFFICE.



THE practice of young men, both married and single, wearing silk hats in the suburbs, is spreading to an alarming extent and some organized effort should be made to check it. Reports from surrounding districts follow:

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., March 3d.—Several young men have been seen in this vicinity lately with silk hats and frock coats. A meeting of the town council presided over by the shade of Washington Irving was held, and a system of fines inaugurated.

ORANGE, N. J., March 3d.—This morning a young married man was seen going down Main Street behind a baby carriage. He was wearing a silk hat and frock coat. An officer arrested him promptly and he is now in jail pending trial. The baby escaped.

MONTCLAIR, March 4th.—As the first Presbyterian Church let out to-day, a mob surrounded three young bridegrooms, who wore silk hats, frock coats and gold-headed canes. Had it not been for the prompt intervention of the authorities, a tragedy would have occurred. Hereafter the following system of fines will prevail:

Plain silk hat and overcoat,	\$10
Silk hat and frock coat,	\$25
Silk hat, frock coat and	
gold-headed cane, all	
worn or carried together	\$50
Same, behind a baby carriage,	\$100 and
	thirty days in
	the county jail.

It is sincerely hoped that these severe measures will mitigate this evil in our God-fearing community.

FLUSHING, N. Y., March 3d.—The silk hat law went into effect to-day. Several went to church in silk hats but they pleaded ignorance and were let off with a warning. Sunday was very quiet, public opinion not being fully aroused. It is hoped, however, that next Sunday there will be no offenders, as much disorder might prevail.

STATEN ISLAND, March 3d.—Reports from the interior indicate a great falling off in silk hats during Sunday. Sermons were preached in churches on

passing the hat, and it is hoped that the new law will go into effect without bloodshed.

PLAINFIELD, March 4th.—Much opposition to the silk hat law has developed here. A bridegroom club and dry goods association have been formed, the members insisting that they will still cling to the time-honored custom of silk hat and frock coat. A movement to exile them to Newark is in order.

### Ad Astra.

"I HAVE found," says Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the Chemistry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, "that the foods we daily consume are so fraught with germ life of a harmful nature, that I am almost afraid to go to the table."

A little more of patient research and Dr. Wiley will be, not almost, but quite afraid. A little more of faithful dissemination of bulletins of the Bureau of Chemistry, and the public at large will be, in a like manner, weaned from the fleshpots. And thereupon, at last, we shall rise to the simple frugality, without which true national greatness is impossible.

Inasmuch as there is nothing real in life but its illusions, sensible people will be glad to know a great many things which are not so, and in this view of the case the belief is bound to spread that the scientists in the employ of the Government are worth all they cost.

PROPOS of the distinction between an amateur and a professional, is a man a professional if he marries for money?



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

ARRIVAL OF THE MAN WHO CONTINUALLY ACCEPTS FAVORS BUT NEVER RENDERS ANY HIMSELF.



**D**R. PARKHURST says the people of New York are not afraid of Hades.—*Houston Post*.  
Not if the Doctor is going the other way.



The simple trousseau of Mother Eve compared with the complicated bridal paraphernalia of the present time suggests a startling contrast.—*Houston Post*.  
As Eve was never a bride, how could she have had a trousseau?

"Saxon and Norman and Dane are we."—*New York Tribune*.  
And Chink and Guinea and Coon and Sheeny and a few others.

There are twenty-nine journalists and nineteen authors in the new British Parliament.—*Boston Herald*.

If the American Congress contained a similar leaven of literary brains this country might hope for some intelligent legislation in copyright matters.

Gov. Johnson of Minnesota thinks any man should be able to live on \$10,000 a year.—*Chicago News*.

It's quite possible, Governor, if he runs his automobile inside the speed limit.

The limelight has no terrors for the Rough Rider.—*Harper's Weekly*.  
This does not refer to Col. Roosevelt, but to Gen. Sherman Bell, who has lately gone on the stage.

Ian Maclaren thinks it a grave mistake for a young man to be witty.—*Chicago News*.

It's a worse one for the young man to think he is.

There is no fool like a first-time grandfather.—*St. Joseph News*.  
A certain distinguished gentleman in the White House should remember that.

Capt. Samuel Kuhns, aged 101 years, has just married Mrs. Sarah Jackson Crawford, aged 100.—*New York Times*.

"Oh, there's nothing half so sweet in life, etc."

It was the Harvard alumni who managed to dine and orate without mentioning football.—*Detroit News*.

Now, if Harvard had beaten Yale—but that's another story.

Gas is going to be cheaper in Chicago than it has been.—*Chicago Journal*.  
How could it?

Everything is quiet in China.—*Indianapolis News*.  
What are the missionaries doing?

King Edward says that he works twelve hours a day.—*New York Evening Sun*.  
He ought to join a labor union.

Philadelphians have been terribly outraged as to their domestic sensibilities by a citizen who ordered a coffin for his wife while she was still alive and in good health.—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

And yet every Philadelphian feels that in the midst of life we are in death.

Some reformer in Chicago has taken up the job of making the street cars clean, healthy and roomy.—*Philadelphia Press*.

If he's successful, Mr. Ryan and his associates will pay him a large salary to keep away from New York.

There are already more Spanish war veterans on the pension roll than were men in all Shafter's army.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch*.

They're all young yet, and their widows will last well into the twenty-first century.

Culture progresses in the Middle West. Kansas City has lately built one of the best race tracks in the country.—*Boston Transcript*.

Meanwhile that chief apostle of culture, Mr. Anthony Comstock, has decreed that the "sport of kings" must be banished from New York.

Episcopal clergymen are itching for a chance to investigate and re-write the Bible.—*San Francisco News-Letter*.

They would probably blue-pencil the verses permitting divorce.

It is a beautiful trait of character to find it hard to believe evil of our friends.—*Worcester Gazette*.

What's one to do if one has friends in the life insurance business?

Perhaps this belief that graft is inevitable in connection with the Panama Canal is held only by people who are too old-fashioned in their ideas to realize that a new order of things has dawned.—*Washington Star*.

Did anybody notice that dawn? If so, when and where did it happen?

Give the boys work who want to work. Make the boys work who don't want to work.—*Austin News-Tribune*.

If you don't, the boys who don't want to work will grow up to work the boys who want to work.



LIFE'S WEATHER FORECAST.  
INDICATIONS OF A LONG DRY SPELL.



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NO, THEY'RE NOT



the author gives him, or make a disturbance leaving the house. In the views of life Mr. Hughes shows in the play, it seems that he must be looking with distorted or mistaken vision, and his ways of reproducing what he sees are not graphic. He either slurs his points or over-elaborates them. From this latter fault, the one original scene which might have made the play suffers worst of all. In the effort to show that his leading characters are too well-bred to quarrel or commit murder before their servants, he drags out the details of a dinner service to the point of fatiguing his audience beyond endurance. This scene, drawn in broader strokes and better acted than it was by Charlotte Walker and Mr. Gottschalk, might have been a moving one; as it was written and rendered, it was ineffective.

This is not to say that Mr. Hughes may not some day write a play. In "The Triangle" he has given no convincing evidence of his ability to do so.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a more experienced hand but he, too, shows inexpertness in handling his material in "The Title Mart." The material itself is none too good, the basic theme being the rather hackneyed one of the barter between title-hunting America and fortune-hunting England. His medium is a satirical comedy, and it is to be recorded that his satire on both English and American society is considerably more successful than his comedy. The complications which form the basis of his plot are so flimsy in themselves and so awkwardly handled that they are a strain on the indulgence of the most kindly disposed spectator. His characters are, with the exception of the English woman with a courtesy title who is visiting America and frankly utilizing her hosts in perfect British style, familiar stage material. They are well cast and made the most of by a list of capable artists, including Ffolliott Paget, May Pardoe and Messrs. Frank Gillmore, Arthur Hare, Sam Edwards, Murray Carson, and Sam Reed. The leading young woman is Dorothy Revell, who possesses a curious but attractive personality. Her peculiar, impassive method of depicting the youthful heroine raises the question of whether she is pushing limited powers to their extreme or repressing very considerable strength.

"The Title Mart" is fairly amusing in a rather conventional way, but does not progress Mr. Churchill's claims to recognition as a dramatist.

LESS ambitious in its aim, and simpler in its method, than either of the above is Rida Johnson Young's "Brown of Harvard." It shows a really stronger grasp of dramatic possibilities than the work of the better known literary men. More than that, it shows a more intimate knowledge of the material she is dealing with and of actual human motives of action. To be sure, she is vastly aided by the



SATAN.

college atmosphere created outside of her work as a writer, but this is a perfectly legitimate aid for the dramatist and does not detract from the merit of her accomplishment. But she, too, shows her inexpertness by permitting her simple but well-constructed plot to lose its third act climax in a feebly amateurish way. The author attempts to do for Harvard in this piece what Mr. George Ade did for the rural university in "The College Widow." She has not created so many humorous characters nor has she anything like Mr. Ade's power of fun-making, but she has infused into her play quite enough of the university spirit to make it recognizable as a reasonably faithful picture. Above all, it carries with it the swing and go of youth in its sentiment, its devil-may-care ways and its villainies.

Under the direction of Mr. Henry Miller the play is well staged and its cast is well chosen. Mr. Harry Woodruff, who actually confesses to the age of twenty-seven, here commences his career as a star, and his youthful appearance makes him acceptable as the hero who

steps into the 'varsity boat, and, of course, at the vital moment, snatches victory from defeat.

"Brown of Harvard" is the best in the recent American invasion of the American stage. If it meets with the pecuniary success which seems to await it, the play will probably inspire the Theatrical Trust to follow its usual tactics of imitation and give us a succession of copies with such titles as "Smith of Yale," "Jones of Princeton," "Wiggins of Johns Hopkins," "McFadden of the University of Chicago," "Maymie of Vassar," etc.

A BOSTON reader of LIFE sends in this information:

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: For heaven's sake tip off Metcalfe to let up on the Skindicate, or at any rate Charlie Frohman, before you have the Irish down upon your back like a hod of brick. What! you didn't know there was any Irish in Charlie? Why, certainly there is. Listen to this from his article on Barrie in *Harpers'* of Feb. 10th: "There is rich human blood in everything he does. He is a satirist whose arrows are never barbed with vitriol, but with the milk of human kindness." G. H. W.

Judging by Mr. David Belasco's recent unfortunate experience, it is to be feared that when Mr. Charles Frohman turns author he is betrayed by some genial Irishman who does the writing. Metcalfe.

### Life's Confidential Guide to the Theatres

Academy of Music.—"The Heart of Maryland." Emotional war drama.

Belasco.—"The Girl of the Golden West." Blanche Bates, Mr. Frank Keenan and excellent cast in absorbing American play.

Eijon.—David Warfield in his admirable impersonation of the old German in the moving comedy, "The Music Master."

Broadway.—"The Vanderbilt Cup." Very ordinary musical piece, slightly redeemed by the cleverness of Elsie Janis as a mimic.

Casino.—"The Earl and the Girl." American cast in English musical play. Diverting.

Empire.—Barrie's "Peter Pan," with Maude Adams as the star. Unusual and highly interesting fairy play.

Fields's.—"Julie Bonbon." Agreeable light comedy of present-day New York life. Clara Lipman and Mr. Louis Mann in suitable parts.

Garrick.—Mr. Charles Richman and company in Mr. David Gray's "Gallops." Polite light comedy of fashionable "hossey" society.

Herald Square.—"George Washington, Jr." A highly illuminating example of cheap vulgarity on the stage.

Hippodrome.—"A Society Circus" and "The Court of the Golden Fountains." Spectacular, gorgeous and highly amusing.

Hudson.—"The Duel." Excellently acted drama of the modern French society school.

Knickerbocker.—"Mlle. Modiste." Musical piece. Good results from the combined efforts of Victor Herbert, Henry Blossom and Fritz Scheff.

Lyric.—"Mexicana." Comic opera of more than average merit.

Madison Square.—"The Title Mart." See above.

Manhattan.—"The Triangle." See opposite.

Princess.—"Brown of Harvard." See above.

Proctor's Fifth Avenue.—Stock company in weekly change of bill.

Savoy.—"Mr. Hopkinson." A most laughable and well-acted English farce-comedy.

Weber's Theatre.—"Twiddle Twaddle" and burlesque on popular plays. Music, fun and girls.

## The Latest Books

### THE WHEEL OF LIFE. Miss

Ellen Glasgow's new novel, the setting and material for which she has found not in Virginia but in the literary and social circles of New York City, is at once the most labored and the least inspiring of her writings, a fact due not to this change of milieu but to an exaggeration of her chief failing, the careless or clumsy handling of plot elements, and to an intensification of her chief fault, the constant clogging of her narrative with analytical and descriptive digressions. Gerty Bridewell, Arnold Kemper and Roger Adams are presented with all of Miss Glasgow's objective grasp of personalities, but the story in which they are among the chief actors and into which character after character is ushered with ceremonious and detailed formality, only to be forgotten or abandoned at loose ends, drags itself out with little suggestion of direction in the reading and does not even pull together, as most of Miss Glasgow's work does, in retrospect.

By rights, fiction should be officially divided into fixed classes when it is entered for judgment in the literary bench show. To praise a promising hound-pup and set aside a pedigreed mastiff for lack of points does not strike the most hypercritical fancier as unreasonable, but in one breath to disparage Miss Glasgow's novel and praise Herbert Quick's *Double Trouble* may easily seem preposterous, owing to the mixed nature of the entries. Let us then understand that *Double Trouble* is entered in the hound-pup class. It is a lively and amusing story built around a case of what in modern psychology is known as "double personality," and in it a cultured young Wisconsin banker disappears and wakes up some years later as a gay oil operator in Pennsylvania. It is fully entitled to an honorable mention.

The life of *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielman and G. S. Layard, is a most attractive volume. Profusely illustrated with unpublished sketches and drawings including some fifty reproductions in color, containing selec-

tions from both sides of the long correspondence between Miss Greenaway and Ruskin, besides other letters and much anecdote and reminiscence, the whole is welded together by the text, wherein the authors have given a happily intimate picture of the woman, her work, her charm and her foibles.

Lloyd Osbourne's stories of the South Seas, collected under the title of *Wild Justice*, are worth reading. Coming from a writer who has introduced himself to us as a clever adapter of the automobile to light literature, the author of *The Motormaniacs* and

of *Baby Bullet*, the streak of good, tough gristle in them is rather a surprise. They are very uneven and occasionally brutal without result, but there is good stuff in them, and the story of the plausible pirate and the United States Consul is nearly perfect of its kind.

The seventeen railroad stories by Cy Warman in *The Last Spike* deal with incidents in many parts of this country and Canada and range from the completion of the Pacific railroads in 1869 to the present day. Here and there, as in the sketch of the impatient drummer in *The Limited*, Mr. Warman does a first-rate piece of verbal snap-shooting, but he wholly lacks the story sense, and whenever he attempts to exchange description for fiction his work is ragged and pointless.

Strangely enough in these times when so much is being written of the glorious days when we were boys, it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to remember the less truculent but no less wonderful days when some of us were girls. Miss Agnes Repplier, however, has come to the rescue with a volume of delightful little sketches called *In Our Convent Days*, than which nothing could be more innocently remindful of the scent and the promise of apple blossom time in Eden.

*The Castlecourt Diamond Case*, by Geraldine Bonner, will serve as a bite between meals for the hungry clamorers for detective stories. There is nothing very deceptive or very new about it, unless it be the fact that the apparently evident solution proves to be the actual one, but Miss Bonner, who is always better at telling stories than at inventing them, manages to be entertaining, although she fails to be mysterious. J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Wheel of Life*. By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

*Double Trouble*. By Herbert Quick. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

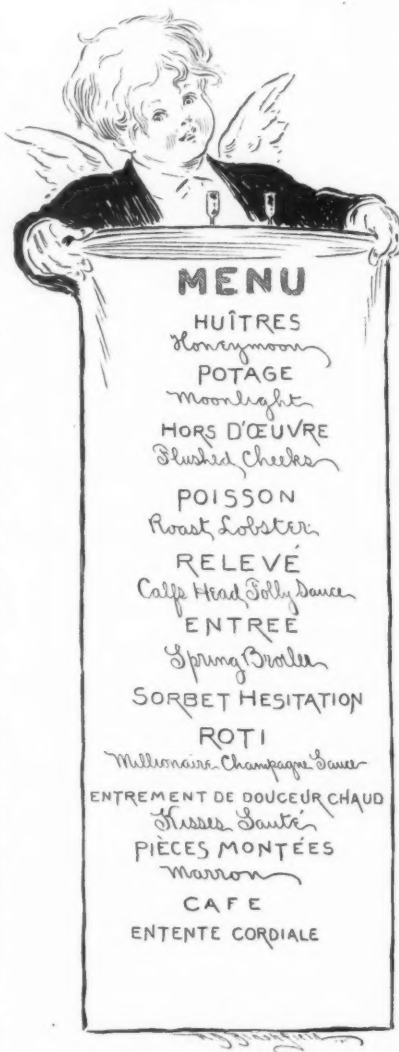
*Kate Greenaway*. By M. H. Spielman and G. S. Layard. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*Wild Justice*. By Lloyd Osbourne. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Last Spike*. By Cy Warman. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

*Our Convent Days*. By Agnes Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

*The Castlecourt Diamond Case*. By Geraldine Bonner. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.)



FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST.



*Reporter to Prospective Suicide:* SAY, OLD CHAP, IF YOU WANT TO GET INTO THE EVENING PAPER YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP.





RESPECT THE AGED.

[Our jokes, since they are all that remain to us of the popular oral arts, since they have taken the place of ballads and folk song, have a deep significance.—*The Speaker.*]

I think that we can get along  
Without the ballad or the song,  
And, after all, the merry jest  
Is best.

This life is oft:n far from gay;  
Why should we sing a doleful lay?  
'Tis better, as I said, by half  
To laugh.

The folk tale has a pleasant ring,  
And furthermore there is a thing  
That recommends it to the sage—  
Its age.

But what of that? I beg to state  
The jokes most new and up to date  
Unquestionably older are  
By far.

—*The Tatler.*

PRACTICAL POLITICS.

A practical politician of the first water came to light in a small Indiana town not long ago. In this town there is an officer, designated as Inspector of Streets and Roadways, who receives the munificent salary of \$250 per year. As the opposing political parties are very nearly balanced in this town, there is keen opposition, so that when this office became vacant and the authorities ordered an election to fill it, there was a lively campaign for this small plum, no other elections being near. The Democratic candidate was a rather shrewd old fellow by the name of Ezekiel Hicks, and it looked as though he would be successful, as a neat little sum had been subscribed and turned over to him as a campaign fund. To the astonishment of everybody, however, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," one of the Democratic leaders said, gloomily. "With that money, we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?"

"Hum," Ezekiel said slowly, pulling his whisker. "Yer see, that office only pays \$250 a year salary, an' I didn't see no sense in payin' \$900 out to get the office, so I jest bought me a little truck farm instead." —*Harper's Weekly.*

BRIDGET'S REASONING.

LADY (*engaging cook*): Why did you leave your last place?

BRIDGET MALONEY: Whoi, mum, the mistress said she cudn't do widout me, so Oi came to the conclusion that Oi was worth more than she was givin' me, and Oi lift at wanst!—*Pick-Me-Up.*



HIS SPECIAL BRAND.

"I SHOULD ERR," SAID THIS PERSON, "IN SCORNING THAT ADVICE, WHICH AMOUNTS TO A WARNING, OF MY DOCTORS, WHO SAY, 'ONLY ONE SMOKE A DAY!' I STARTED IT EARLY THIS MORNING."

CORRECT CAR TIME.

Several years ago a party of friends traveling by trolley had occasion to ask the starter on a certain line how often the cars ran, to which question he made the following reply:

"(Quarter arter, ha' arter, quarter to, and at.)"—*Boston Herald.*

CONVIVIAL GENTLEMAN (*who has stumbled against another pedestrian and fallen*): Beashly cowards, thash what you are—both of you!—*London "Sketch."*

A COMPLICATED TRANSACTION.

The "grand settling of accounts" in which Mrs. Compton and her mother indulge at the close of a day spent in the city, shopping, is an entertainment which Mr. Compton never misses if he can help it.

"Now, mother," said Mrs. Compton, when one of these occasions was drawing to a close, "can you give me the seventy-five cents for that little pin-cushion? Then we shall be all straight once more."

"No," said the old lady, after an inspection of her cash assets, "I can't. I have only sixty cents in change."

Mrs. Corapton looked worried, and as sometimes happened, her husband endeavored to lend a helping hand.

"Your mother has a two-dollar bill there," he said, indicating one of the old lady's assorted piles. "Why doesn't she give you that, and you give her that dollar and a quarter over there?"

"William," and his wife turned an imploring and reproachful face toward him, "don't mix us all up! That two dollars is what I paid mother ten minutes ago for my share of Cousin Lucy's down ouff. And this dollar and a quarter is her share of Cousin Edward's ash-tray! If we turned and twisted things back and forth in the ways you suggest we should never know where we were. As it is, mother has the fifty cents I gave toward Katherine's doll's tea set all mixed in with the money Lucy gave her, and we don't know how it happened, with all our exact methods!"—*Youth's Companion.*

WARM WORK.

"Sav, old boy, I scorched a bit in my new auto, and now I find myself in hot water."

"What can I do for you?"

"Why, bail me out!"—*Baltimore American.*

A LITTLE girl, the French critic Sarcey relates, once presented herself at the Paris Conservatoire in order to pass the examination for admission. All she knew was the fable of the "Two Pigeons," but she had no sooner recited the opening lines when Auber stopped her with a gesture.

"Enough," he said. "Come here, my child."

The little girl, who was pale and thin, but whose eyes gleamed with intelligence, approached him with an air of assurance.

"Your name is Sarah?" he said.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"You are a Jewess?"

"Yes, sir, by birth; but I have been baptized."

"She has been baptized," said Auber, turning to his colleagues. "She has said her fable of the 'Two Pigeons' very well. She must be admitted."

Thus Sarah Bernhardt, for it was she, entered the Conservatoire.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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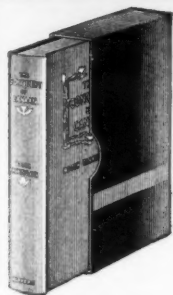
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1906

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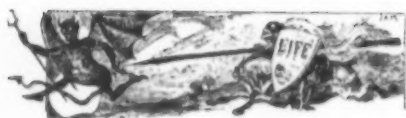
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WRITE LEGIBLY



"While there is Life there's Hope."

VOL. XLVII. MARCH 8, 1906. No. 1219.  
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.



THE Panama Canal, as we all know, is a highly speculative undertaking, having many features and possibilities which no precedents govern. The President has tried faithfully to find out what kind of a canal we ought to build. Of the thirteen consulting engineers, five Europeans and three Americans

guessed that a sea-level canal would give best satisfaction, and five Americans bet that we ought to build a canal with locks. Guided by these views the Canal Commission voted five to one for a canal with locks. Secretary Taft and Chief Engineer Stevens put their money on that pattern, and the President having taken counsel with a clairvoyant and some astrologers, recommended to Congress to build it that way. A lock canal, then, with its top-level eighty-five feet above the sea, is likely to be attempted, unless influences at present unforeseen move Congress to favor another design. We may save nearly a dollar and a half apiece by adopting the lock canal plan, and anywhere from four to twelve years in time; at least the estimates so indicate. We get the lock canal in about nine years for less than two dollars apiece, or \$140,000,000; or the sea-level for \$247,000,000 (about three dollars apiece) in twelve or thirteen years, or maybe twenty. For our part we do not grudge the extra dollar for the sea-level cut, but dislike very much to spare so much time. We are therefore well satisfied with the President's choice. It is the bolder choice of the two for all concerned in it, because if the eight-year canal fails to give satisfaction, a large pro-

portion of its promoters will still be alive on the earth and exposed to disparagement, whereas by the time the twenty-year canal has fully demonstrated its imperfections, most of its indorsers and promoters will be out of harm's way. It is a decided advantage of the eight-year plan that there will be a better chance to talk it over retrospectively with its originators.



THE railroad rates bill is almost as big a gamble as the canal. The ideal course to take with it would be to keep it forever imminent. The dread of it has already done much good and no harm, which is a better result than can reasonably be hoped for from any bill that becomes a law. But since the bill cannot hang fire indefinitely without impairing its efficiency as a regulator, let us hope it will be a little too stiff rather than a little too limp, since, once in operation, it will be easier to amend it to correct its faults of neglect. It is always easier to shorten a dog's tail than to lengthen it. Now the railroads being the dog and the rates commission the tail, let us hope the tail will be of an effectual length to start with. If it wags the dog too violently, chop some of it off.



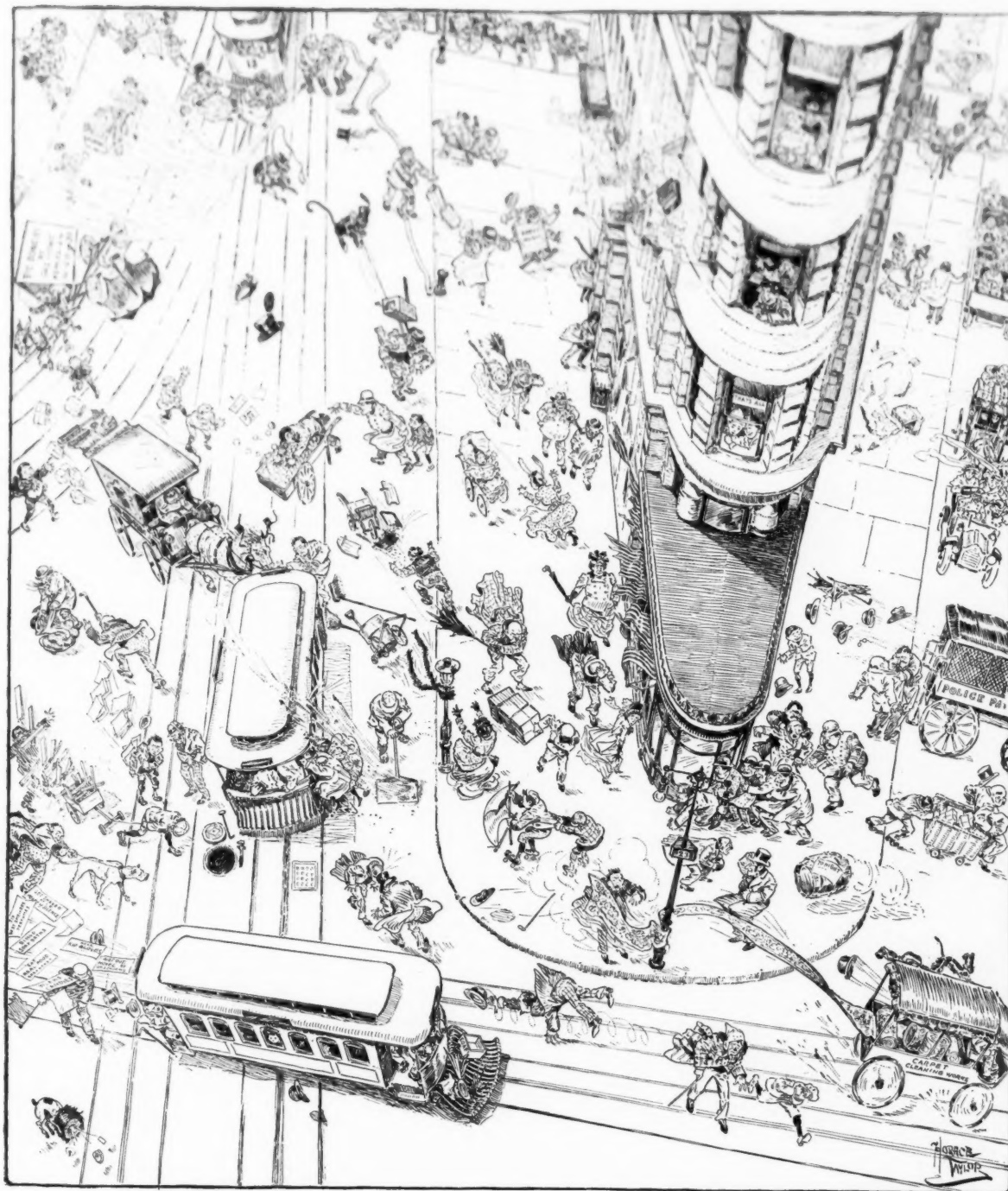
IT is proposed to stiffen the Elkins law against rebates by reviving the penalty of imprisonment which it first provided. That penalty was dropped and punishment by fine substituted on the supposition that if the gentler form of correction was provided, it might be possible to secure convictions, and so enforce the law. But very few convictions were ever accomplished, though the law was almost universally

broken by the railroads. It is said to be better observed since the rates bill agitation has stirred the whole matter up. If the old penalty should be revived and one or two convictions could be secured, it would doubtless have an immense effect in stiffening the backbones of the railroad men against the aggressive importunities of the shippers, and perhaps it might even modify the zeal of the big shippers in securing unlawful rates to the ruinous disadvantages of their smaller competitors. The spectacle of Mr. Armour, for example, doing time behind a grating for unlawful scrounging would be exceedingly painful, but there is no doubt that it would be an effectual hint that the Elkins law was not devised for a joke. Captain Van Schaick got a ten-year sentence the other day for ignoring a neglected law about fire drills and other precautions on excursion steamers. It was cruelly hard on him, but it put new life into the law which he had broken.



WE spoke last week about the predicament of army officers, in that their pay was fixed thirty-five years ago when the expense of living was very much less than it is now. It is always possible to estimate approximately what the cost of living is and how it varies year by year. If Congress cannot put back the cost of living to where it was thirty-five years ago, it ought to readjust the pay of the army and navy to fit the times. The just way to do would be to provide for the readjustment of Government salaries every five years to match the contemporary cost of living. The tariff and the immense increase in the production of gold have made prices high, and the folks with fixed salaries squirm in consequence. Such of them as get their salaries from the Government ought to have relief from the Government. Some of the others, as the college professors, are getting relief from other sources.





SNAPSHOTS FROM OUR AIRSHIP.

THE MARCH WIND.



IT is expected that the concert on Tuesday next at the residence—we almost said house—of Mrs. Stilornuthen will be a brilliant affair. Being in aid of a new Home for Middle-Aged Rabbits, a large audience is anticipated. Anything under the patronage of the following names could hardly be a failure:

Mrs. Graiton Kloze.

Mrs. Pursey Strutt.

Mrs. Emtee Gabbor.

Mrs. Willie Jinnanseltz and Mrs. Blessal Trusts.

Miss Blabbie Oldpoint has just inherited another million from her uncle, Ananias Hogg, own brother of the Hon. Merger Hogg, whose stepfather's aunt, Miss Maria Bullion, was once engaged to—or had a lawsuit with—Dick Hollohed, a cousin once removed of Miss Blabbie's own adopted great-

uncle, Austen Tatius. And the Austen Tatiuses, as everybody knows, are closely allied to the Helwyth Manners. The present Mrs. Manners is a daughter of the Knott-Brights and own cousin to F Nuntoo Klevor. All nice people.



MISS BLABBIE OLDPOINT.

It is whispered that the ever-welcome society favorite, Jimmy Wursen-Yuceliss, went to sleep in a club window last Saturday and did not wake up until just before he opened his eyes. His mother was a Baltimore Rekkod.

The Countess Borro and Keap has just returned home on the Nausea. Society remembers her as one of the charming daughters of Mr. Burstyngside Boodle. She brought her husband about five millions of dollars and he seems to have brought her a black eye and a broken spirit. The Count is frankly in love with one or two other women and naturally resented his American wife's interference. The Countess's mother, who was a Phule, brought about the match.

### The Starving Savant.



POET sat composing toasts

Before a fireless grate ;

A mangled pencil 'twixt his teeth,  
Upon his lap a slate.

While 'neath his ribs, his appetite  
Bespoke an "empty" dread.

"Oh would," sighed he, "instead  
of words,

These toasts were made of bread !"

J. A. Brandt.

### Exposure Overdone.

THE magazines, having discovered that there is good money in exposure, are working it for all it's worth.

It is laudable to lay before the people facts, the publication of which tends to make for good morals.

It is a great question, however, where sincerity—"that first of virtues"—is not a necessity to any effective crusade,

and when we know that the magazines are simply working a new graft, are hiring at large salaries professional literary sleuths to boom their circulation, it is only a question of time when they are bound to go too far and produce a reaction in the public mind which will go far to nullify the good effects preceding it.

After reading the virulent attack on Chauncey Depew in the current *Cosmopolitan*, one is almost inclined to sympathize with that much-abused citizen.

### Times Have Not Changed.

THE growing distrust of vaccination is not shared by the *New York Tribune*:

"There were only nine deaths from smallpox in New York State last year.

Yet some persons still resist vaccination against a disease which once was and but for that safeguard would now be one of the most prevalent and deadly enemies of mankind."

But why those nine deaths?

Dollars to doughnuts that those nine persons had been vaccinated.

### Operatic.

A FAMOUS prima donna is reported to have said recently, "Conried an artist? Dear, no! Conried is a merchant, a stage carpenter—that is it, a stage carpenter, in comparison to Maurice Grau."

Many opera-goers have the same idea, but what a careless way to speak of the future director of our National American Theatre!

Himmel!

# Benevolent Suicide.



THAT meeting of the members of the S. P. C. A. on February 15th, in which John P. Haines packed the floor with employes of the Society and openly voted down all efforts for an investigation of himself and his methods was an "eye-opener" to the few personal friends who had previously believed in him. It was a good thing for the Society, as it destroyed all illusions concerning John P.

Haines, his methods and his purpose.

Speaking of methods, the following table is of interest as showing the difference in number of prosecutions for cruelty to animals made by the New York Society and the Washington Society during the last four years.

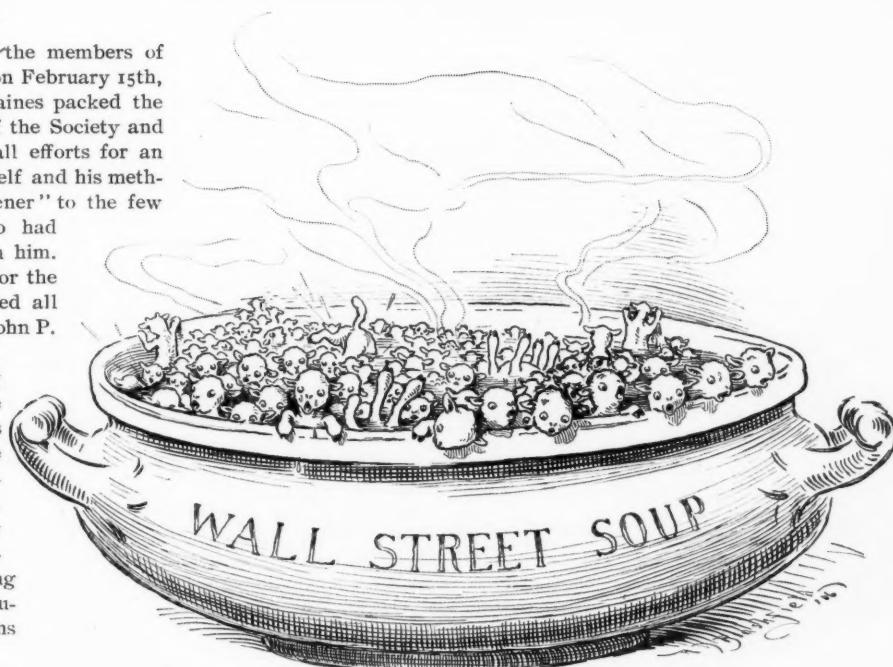
The reader will note that the New York Society simply reports its "arrests and prosecutions" without saying how many arrests resulted in prosecutions, nor how many of the prosecutions resulted in convictions.

N. Y. A. S. P. C. A.	WASH. HUMANE SOCIETY
1902	1902
General Expenses, \$116,000	General Expenses, Less than \$10,000
"Arrests and Prosecutions," 520	Prosecutions, 815
	Convictions, 809
	(But four inspectors were employed.)
1903	1903
General Expenses, \$117,000	General Expenses, Less than \$10,000
"Arrests and Prosecutions," 587	Prosecutions, 959
	Convictions, 940
	(Five inspectors only employed.)
1904	1904
General Expenses, \$126,000	General Expenses, \$9,160
"Arrests and Prosecutions," 753	Prosecutions, 1,234
	Convictions, 1,223
	(Six inspectors only employed.)
1905	1905
Annual Report not yet published.	General Expenses, \$8,464
	Prosecutions, 1,360
	Convictions, 1,335
	(Six inspectors only employed.)

As the protection of animals is the purpose for which the New York Society was organized, it is interesting to guess as to what John P. Haines, its president, has been doing with the funds.

## Save the Jury System.

A FORMER attorney-general of Massachusetts, Mr. Parker, has been talking about our jury system to the Harvard law students. He defended it. He was right. Our jury system is a good thing. Our laws are



"THE PUBLIC ARE IN."

fallible; our judges are only so-so; our lawyers are all kinds; most of our district-attorneys are under indictment by the newspapers. Where would we be if our apparatus of justice was not tempered in its workings by the abilities of our juries to bring in verdicts contrary

to the evidence, the law, the orders of the court and the arguments of the lawyers?

Juries are the life-belts on our great excursion steamer. They are usually stuffed with straw, or worse, but they make us feel safer when the whistle toots. They keep our hopes up, if not our chins, and we cling to them for what they ought to be.

Save the jury system! It is the palladium of our intentions. It tempers legislation with justice, and justice with reasonable doubts. Without it more of us would suffer for warrantable crimes and profit by unwarrantable privileges. And it is the great barrier between lynch-law and the corporations.

The jury system helps to preserve the balance of our institutions. We cannot spare it yet awhile. No! No!

## Necessity.

"PERKINS has separated from his wife and gone to live in bachelor apartments."

"What did he do that for?"

"He said he couldn't live without some of the comforts of home."



"MAD AS A MARCH HARE."



## The Silk Hat in the Suburbs.

### Life's Society for Its Suppression.

ALL PERSONS WISHING TO JOIN THIS ADMIRABLE CAUSE WILL PLEASE COMMUNICATE WITH THIS OFFICE.



THE practice of young men, both married and single, wearing silk hats in the suburbs, is spreading to an alarming extent and some organized effort should be made to check it. Reports from surrounding districts follow:

TARRYTOWN, N. Y., March 3d.—Several young men have been seen in this vicinity lately with silk hats and frock coats. A meeting of the town council presided over by the shade of Washington Irving was held, and a system of fines inaugurated.

ORANGE, N. J., March 3d.—This morning a young married man was seen going down Main Street behind a baby carriage. He was wearing a silk hat and frock coat. An officer arrested him promptly and he is now in jail pending trial. The baby escaped.

MONTCLAIR, March 4th.—As the first Presbyterian Church let out to-day, a mob surrounded three young bridegrooms, who wore silk hats, frock coats and gold-headed canes. Had it not been for the prompt intervention of the authorities, a tragedy would have occurred. Hereafter the following system of fines will prevail:

Plain silk hat and overcoat,	\$10
Silk hat and frock coat,	\$25
Silk hat, frock coat and gold-headed cane, all worn or carried together	\$50
Same, behind a baby carriage,	\$100 and thirty days in the county jail.

It is sincerely hoped that these severe measures will mitigate this evil in our God-fearing community.

FLUSHING, N. Y., March 3d.—The silk hat law went into effect to-day. Several went to church in silk hats but they pleaded ignorance and were let off with a warning. Sunday was very quiet, public opinion not being fully aroused. It is hoped, however, that next Sunday there will be no offenders, as much disorder might prevail.

STATEN ISLAND, March 3d.—Reports from the interior indicate a great falling off in silk hats during Sunday. Sermons were preached in churches on

passing the hat, and it is hoped that the new law will go into effect without bloodshed.

PLAINFIELD, March 4th.—Much opposition to the silk hat law has developed here. A bridegroom club and dry goods association have been formed, the members insisting that they will still cling to the time-honored custom of silk hat and frock coat. A movement to exile them to Newark is in order.

### Ad Astra.

"I HAVE found," says Dr. H. W. Wiley, chief of the Chemistry Bureau of the Department of Agriculture, "that the foods we daily consume are so fraught with germ life of a harmful nature, that I am almost afraid to go to the table."

A little more of patient research and Dr. Wiley will be, not almost, but quite afraid. A little more of faithful dissemination of bulletins of the Bureau of Chemistry, and the public at large will be, in a like manner, weaned from the fleshpots. And thereupon, at last, we shall rise to the simple frugality, without which true national greatness is impossible.

Inasmuch as there is nothing real in life but its illusions, sensible people will be glad to know a great many things which are not so, and in this view of the case the belief is bound to spread that the scientists in the employ of the Government are worth all they cost.

PROPOS of the distinction between an amateur and a professional, is a man a professional if he marries for money?



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

ARRIVAL OF THE MAN WHO CONTINUALLY ACCEPTS FAVORS BUT NEVER RENDERS ANY HIMSELF.



JUST ENGAGED.



### Giving the Americans a Chance.



IN what spirit shall we approach the flock of fledgling dramatists who in their trial flights are just now settling on our stage? It must be in a kindly one, of course. We must not frighten them to a premature death. They are young and they are American, and on account of our stage's dire need it is well that they should come to maturity. But it would be well first to make sure that they are real birds and not simply creatures of their own or their managers' imaginations. Besides, desirous as we all are to see flocks and coveys of American dramatists flying and circling about our theatres, the public and the stage itself have the right to be defended against the tediousness of the incubating period and awkward attempts at premature flight.

To abandon metaphor, we are just now being treated—or subjected—to the early efforts of a number of American would-be dramatic authors. This is well. The European sources of supply seem to have very generally dried up. There are more theatres than ever before in America and their stages must be supplied with material. The public the country over is crying out for something better than, or at least different from, the wretched shows boosted into prominence by the Theatrical Trust. The opposition managers are giving evidence of a commendable desire to answer this demand, and the result of these combined circumstances is that the American playwright is getting some of the opportunities he has so long cried for in vain.

RIGHT here we are exposed to another evil. It is a matter of common belief that no form of literary work gives as large pecuniary returns as play-writing. Therefore, practically every writer who has ever had a book published, or an article accepted for print, has bent his energies to the writing of a play or plays. In fact, a goodly number of persons who have never even seen their work in print have joined the noble army of royalty-chasers. There's no use of telling any one of these that play construction is a different art from that of merely writing. It is a mistake of terms and a mistake which has led to a tremendous over-production of so-called plays to say that plays are "written." To be sure the dramatist uses pen and ink and paper to set down, as far as it can be set down, what is to be done and said upon the stage, but this is no more writing a play than the preparation of plans and specifications is building the actual building. Artists who have a very good sense of color and proportion do not, therefore, pester capitalists to let them incorporate their ideas of these things in steel and brick and mortar, because the successful architect's fees are larger than the selling prices of paintings by obscure artists. But the literary person, even if his efforts have been confined to the preparation of hardware catalogues or patent medicine advertisements, has no doubt of his ability to write a play, so, once it becomes bruited about that the American dramatist is to have a chance, the stage and the public alike are bound to have a surfeit of attempted plays by persons whose only claim to recognition on the stage is that they are writers and Americans. So, kindly as may be the spirit and anxious as we

may all be to encourage the American dramatist, in defense of ourselves and the stage the truth in these matters must be told, even if at times it shall seem unpatriotic and discouraging to budding genius.

\* \* \*



TAKE the case of Mr. Rupert Hughes, for instance.

Mr. Hughes is a young American literary man whose writings have made his name familiar to the public. It was not presumptuous on his part to believe that he could write a play or plays quite the equal of many which have in the last few years been boosted into more or less extended notice. Hence "The Triangle."

If there prevailed in America an expert managerial taste and judgment, "The Triangle" would never have seen the light of the footlights, at least in its present form and with its present cast. It is apparent to the spectator and, it would seem, should have been apparent to the producer, that no matter what Mr. Hughes's cleverness as a writer, his play shows a marked deficiency in judgment of values, both of speech and of action. Mr. Hughes's knowledge of the way of a man with a maid is perhaps more extensive than that of Agur, the son of Jakeh, but unfortunately he is not dramatic in his method of imparting it to his audience. His discourse stops the movement of his story, bringing the attention up standing to listen to something which may be bright, or true, or only bitter. He forgets that a reader may approve a book that contains prosy passages, because these he may skip, but that the spectator at the theatre has to take everything



THE VENUS OF MELOS.  
(Restored.)



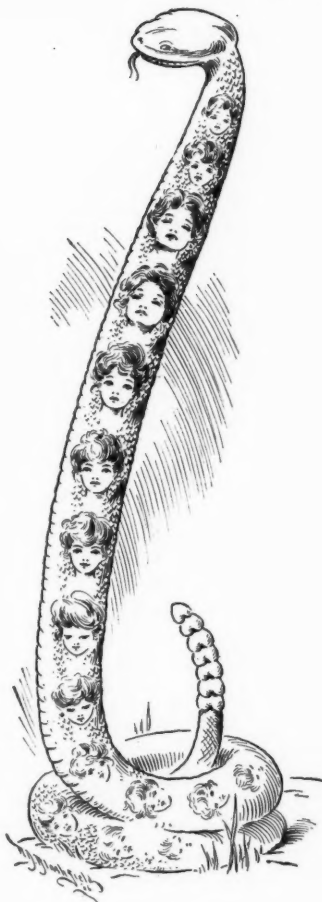
the author gives him, or make a disturbance leaving the house. In the views of life Mr. Hughes shows in the play, it seems that he must be looking with distorted or mistaken vision, and his ways of reproducing what he sees are not graphic. He either slurs his points or over-elaborates them. From this latter fault, the one original scene which might have made the play suffers worst of all. In the effort to show that his leading characters are too well-bred to quarrel or commit murder before their servants, he drags out the details of a dinner service to the point of fatiguing his audience beyond endurance. This scene, drawn in broader strokes and better acted than it was by Charlotte Walker and Mr. Gottschalk, might have been a moving one; as it was written and rendered, it was ineffective.

This is not to say that Mr. Hughes may not some day write a play. In "The Triangle" he has given no convincing evidence of his ability to do so.

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL is a more experienced hand but he, too, shows inexpertness in handling his material in "The Title Mart." The material itself is none too good, the basic theme being the rather hackneyed one of the barter between title-hunting America and fortune-hunting England. His medium is a satirical comedy, and it is to be recorded that his satire on both English and American society is considerably more successful than his comedy. The complications which form the basis of his plot are so flimsy in themselves and so awkwardly handled that they are a strain on the indulgence of the most kindly disposed spectator. His characters are, with the exception of the English woman with a courtesy title who is visiting America and frankly utilizing her hosts in perfect British style, familiar stage material. They are well cast and made the most of by a list of capable artists, including Ffolliott Paget, May Pardoe and Messrs. Frank Gillmore, Arthur Hare, Sam Edwards, Murray Carson, and Sam Reed. The leading young woman is Dorothy Revell, who possesses a curious but attractive personality. Her peculiar, impassive method of depicting the youthful heroine raises the question of whether she is pushing limited powers to their extreme or repressing very considerable strength.

"The Title Mart" is fairly amusing in a rather conventional way, but does not progress Mr. Churchill's claims to recognition as a dramatist.

LESS ambitious in its aim, and simpler in its method, than either of the above is Rida Johnson Young's "Brown of Harvard." It shows a really stronger grasp of dramatic possibilities than the work of the better known literary men. More than that, it shows a more intimate knowledge of the material she is dealing with and of actual human motives of action. To be sure, she is vastly aided by the



SATAN.

college atmosphere created outside of her work as a writer, but this is a perfectly legitimate aid for the dramatist and does not detract from the merit of her accomplishment. But she, too, shows her inexpertness by permitting her simple but well-constructed plot to lose its third act climax in a feebly amateurish way. The author attempts to do for Harvard in this piece what Mr. George Ade did for the rural university in "The College Widow." She has not created so many humorous characters nor has she anything like Mr. Ade's power of fun-making, but she has infused into her play quite enough of the university spirit to make it recognizable as a reasonably faithful picture. Above all, it carries with it the swing and go of youth in its sentiment, its devil-may-care ways and its villainies.

Under the direction of Mr. Henry Miller the play is well staged and its cast is well chosen. Mr. Harry Woodruff, who actually confesses to the age of twenty-seven, here commences his career as a star, and his youthful appearance makes him acceptable as the hero who

steps into the 'varsity boat, and, of course, at the vital moment, snatches victory from defeat.

"Brown of Harvard" is the best in the recent American invasion of the American stage. If it meets with the pecuniary success which seems to await it, the play will probably inspire the Theatrical Trust to follow its usual tactics of imitation and give us a succession of copies with such titles as "Smith of Yale," "Jones of Princeton," "Wiggins of Johns Hopkins," "McFadden of the University of Chicago," "Maymie of Vassar," etc.

A BOSTON reader of LIFE sends in this information:

TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE: For heaven's sake tip off Metcalfe to let up on the Skindicate, or at any rate Charlie Frohman, before you have the Irish down upon your back like a hod of brick. What! you didn't know there was any Irish in Charlie? Why, certainly there is. Listen to this from his article on Barrie in *Harpers'* of Feb. 10th: "There is rich human blood in everything he does. He is a satirist whose arrows are never barbed with vitriol, but with the milk of human kindness." G. H. W.

Judging by Mr. David Belasco's recent unfortunate experience, it is to be feared that when Mr. Charles Frohman turns author he is betrayed by some genial Irishman who does the writing. Metcalfe.

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES

*Academy of Music.*—"The Heart of Maryland." Emotional war drama.

*Belasco.*—"The Girl of the Golden West." Blanche Bates, Mr. Frank Keenan and excellent cast in absorbing American play.

*Bijou.*—David Warfield in his admirable impersonation of the old German in the moving comedy, "The Music Master."

*Broadway.*—"The Vanderbilt Cup." Very ordinary musical piece, slightly redeemed by the cleverness of Elsie Janis as a mimic.

*Casino.*—"The Earl and the Girl." American cast in English musical play. Diverting.

*Empire.*—Barrie's "Peter Pan," with Maude Adams as the star. Unusual and highly interesting fairy play.

*Fields.*—"Julie Bonbon." Agreeable light comedy of present-day New York life. Clara Lipman and Mr. Louis Mann in suitable parts.

*Garrick.*—Mr. Charles Richman and company in Mr. David Gray's "Gallop." Polite light comedy of fashionable "hossey" society.

*Herald Square.*—"George Washington, Jr." A highly illuminating example of cheap vulgarity on the stage.

*Hippodrome.*—"A Society Circus" and "The Court of the Golden Fountains." Spectacular, gorgeous and highly amusing.

*Hudson.*—"The Duel." Excellently acted drama of the modern French society school.

*Knickerbocker.*—"Mlle. Modiste." Musical piece. Good results from the combined efforts of Victor Herbert, Henry Blossom and Fritz Scheff.

*Lyric.*—"Mexicana." Comic opera of more than average merit.

*Madison Square.*—"The Title Mart." See above.

*Manhattan.*—"The Triangle." See opposite.

*Princess.*—"Brown of Harvard." See above.

*Proctor's Fifth Avenue.*—Stock company in weekly change of bill.

*Savoy.*—"Mr. Hopkinson." A most laughable and well-acted English farce-comedy.

*Weber's Theatre.*—"Twiddle Twiddle" and burlesque on popular plays. Music, fun and girls.

## THE LATEST BOOKS

### THE WHEEL OF LIFE, Miss

Ellen Glasgow's new novel, the setting and material for which she has found not in Virginia but in the literary and social circles of New York City, is at once the most labored and the least inspiring of her writings, a fact due not to this change of milieu but to an exaggeration of her chief failing, the careless or clumsy handling of plot elements, and to an intensification of her chief fault, the constant clogging of her narrative with analytical and descriptive digressions. Gerty Bridewell, Arnold Kemper and Roger Adams are presented with all of Miss Glasgow's objective grasp of personalities, but the story in which they are among the chief actors and into which character after character is ushered with ceremonious and detailed formality, only to be forgotten or abandoned at loose ends, drags itself out with little suggestion of direction in the reading and does not even pull together, as most of Miss Glasgow's work does, in retrospect.

By rights, fiction should be officially divided into fixed classes when it is entered for judgment in the literary bench show. To praise a promising hound-pup and set aside a pedigreed mastiff for lack of points does not strike the most hypercritical fancier as unreasonable, but in one breath to disparage Miss Glasgow's novel and praise Herbert Quick's *Double Trouble* may easily seem preposterous, owing to the mixed nature of the entries. Let us then understand that *Double Trouble* is entered in the hound-pup class. It is a lively and amusing story built around a case of what in modern psychology is known as "double personality," and in it a cultured young Wisconsin banker disappears and wakes up some years later as a gay oil operator in Pennsylvania. It is fully entitled to an honorable mention.

The life of *Kate Greenaway*, by M. H. Spielman and G. S. Layard, is a most attractive volume. Profusely illustrated with unpublished sketches and drawings including some fifty reproductions in color, containing selec-

tions from both sides of the long correspondence between Miss Greenaway and Ruskin, besides other letters and much anecdote and reminiscence, the whole is welded together by the text, wherein the authors have given a happily intimate picture of the woman, her work, her charm and her foibles.

Lloyd Osbourne's stories of the South Seas, collected under the title of *Wild Justice*, are worth reading. Coming from a writer who has introduced himself to us as a clever adapter of the automobile to light literature, the author of *The Motormaniacs* and

of *Baby Bullet*, the streak of good, tough gristle in them is rather a surprise. They are very uneven and occasionally brutal without result, but there is good stuff in them, and the story of the plausible pirate and the United States Consul is nearly perfect of its kind.

The seventeen railroad stories by Cy Warman in *The Last Spike* deal with incidents in many parts of this country and Canada and range from the completion of the Pacific railroads in 1869 to the present day. Here and there, as in the sketch of the impatient drummer in *The Limited*, Mr. Warman does a first-rate piece of verbal snap-shooting, but he wholly lacks the story sense, and whenever he attempts to exchange description for fiction his work is ragged and pointless.

Strangely enough in these times when so much is being written of the glorious days when we were boys, it does not seem to have occurred to anyone to remember the less truculent but no less wonderful days when some of us were girls. Miss Agnes Repplier, however, has come to the rescue with a volume of delightful little sketches called *In Our Convent Days*, than which nothing could be more innocently remindful of the scent and the promise of apple blossom time in Eden.

*The Castlecourt Diamond Case*, by Geraldine Bonner, will serve as a bite between meals for the hungry clamorers for detective stories. There is nothing very deceptive or very new about it, unless it be the fact that the apparently evident solution proves to be the actual one, but Miss Bonner, who is always better at telling stories than at inventing them, manages to be entertaining, although she fails to be mysterious. J. B. Kerfoot.

*The Wheel of Life*. By Ellen Glasgow. (Doubleday, Page and Company. \$1.50.)

*Double Trouble*. By Herbert Quick. (The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.)

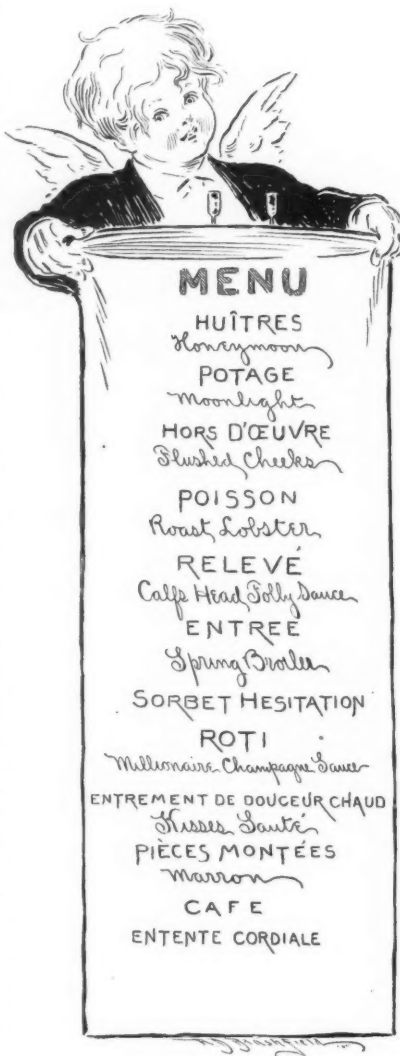
*Kate Greenaway*. By M. H. Spielman and G. S. Layard. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

*Wild Justice*. By Lloyd Osbourne. (D. Appleton and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Last Spike*. By Cy Warman. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.25.)

*Our Convent Days*. By Agnes Repplier. (Houghton, Mifflin and Company. \$1.10.)

*The Castlecourt Diamond Case*. By Geraldine Bonner. (Funk and Wagnalls Company. \$1.00.)



FOR A WEDDING BREAKFAST.



*Reporter to Prospective Suicide:* SAY, OLD CHAP, IF YOU WANT TO GET INTO THE EVENING PAPER YOU'D BETTER HURRY UP.



# ·LIFE·



## RESPECT THE AGED.

[Our jokes, since they are all that remain to us of the popular oral arts, since they have taken the place of ballads and folk song, have a deep significance.—*The Speaker.*]

I think that we can get along  
Without the ballad or the song,  
And, after all, the merry jest  
Is best.

This life is often far from gay;  
Why should we sing a doleful lay?  
'Tis better, as I said, by half  
To laugh.

The folk tale has a pleasant ring,  
And furthermore there is a thing  
That recommends it to the sage—  
Its age.

But what of that? I beg to state  
The jokes most new and up to date  
Unquestionably older are  
By far.  
—*The Tatler.*

## PRACTICAL POLITICS.

A practical politician of the first water came to light in a small Indiana town not long ago. In this town there is an officer, designated as Inspector of Streets and Roadways, who receives the munificent salary of \$250 per year. As the opposing political parties are very nearly balanced in this town, there is keen opposition, so that when this office became vacant and the authorities ordered an election to fill it, there was a lively campaign for this small plum, no other elections being near. The Democratic candidate was a rather shrewd old fellow by the name of Ezekiel Hicks, and it looked as though he would be successful, as a neat little sum had been subscribed and turned over to him as a campaign fund. To the astonishment of everybody, however, he was defeated.

"I can't account for it," one of the Democratic leaders said, gloomily. "With that money, we should have won. How did you lay it out, Ezekiel?"

"Hum," Ezekiel said slowly, pulling his whisker. "Yer see, that office only pays \$250 a year salary, an' I didn't see no sense in payin' \$900 out to get the office, so I jest bought me a little truck farm instead."  
—*Harper's Weekly.*

## BRIDGET'S REASONING.

LADY (engaging cook): Why did you leave your last place?

BRIDGET MALONEY: Whoi, mum, the mistress said she cudn't do widout me, so Oi came to the conclusion that Oi was worth more than she was givin' me, and Oi left at wanst!—*Pick-Me-Up.*



HIS SPECIAL BRAND.

"I SHOULD ERR," SAID THIS PERSON, "IN SCORNING  
THAT ADVICE, WHICH AMOUNTS TO A WARNING,  
OF MY DOCTORS, WHO SAY,  
'ONLY ONE SMOKE A DAY!'  
I STARTED IT EARLY THIS MORNING."

## CORRECT CAR TIME.

Several years ago a party of friends traveling by trolley had occasion to ask the starter on a certain line how often the cars ran, to which question he made the following reply:

"Quarter arter, ha' arter, quarter to, and at."—*Boston Herald.*

CONVIVIAL GENTLEMAN (who has stumbled against another pedestrian and fallen): Beashly cowards, thash what you are—both of you!—*London "Sketch."*

## A COMPLICATED TRANSACTION.

The "grand settling of accounts" in which Mrs. Compton and her mother indulge at the close of a day spent in the city, shopping, is an entertainment which Mr. Compton never misses if he can help it.

"Now, mother," said Mrs. Compton, when one of these occasions was drawing to a close, "can you give me the seventy-five cents for that little pin-cushion? Then we shall be all straight once more."

"No," said the old lady, after an inspection of her cash assets, "I can't. I have only sixty cents in change."

Mrs. Compton looked worried, and as sometimes happened, her husband endeavored to lend a helping hand.

"Your mother has a two-dollar bill there," he said, indicating one of the old lady's assorted piles. "Why doesn't she give you that, and you give her that dollar and a quarter over there?"

"William," and his wife turned an imploring and reproachful face toward him, "don't mix us all up! That two dollars is what I paid mother ten minutes ago for my share of Cousin Lucy's down suit. And this dollar and a quarter is her share of Cousin Edward's ash-tray! If we turned and twisted things back and forth in the ways you suggest we should never know where we were. As it is, mother has the fifty cents I gave toward Katherine's doll's tea set all mixed in with the money Lucy gave her, and we don't know how it happened, with all our exact methods!"—*Youth's Companion.*

## WARM WORK.

"SAY, old boy, I scorched a bit in my new auto, and now I find myself in hot water."

"What can I do for you?"

"Why, bail me out!"—*Baltimore American.*

A LITTLE girl, the French critic Sarcey relates, once presented herself at the Paris Conservatoire in order to pass the examination for admission. All she knew was the fable of the "Two Pigeons," but she had no sooner recited the opening lines when Auber stopped her with a gesture.

"Enough," he said. "Come here, my child."

The little girl, who was pale and thin, but whose eyes gleamed with intelligence, approached him with an air of assurance.

"Your name is Sarah?" he said.

"Yes, sir," was the reply.

"You are a Jewess?"

"Yes, sir, by birth; but I have been baptized."

"She has been baptized," said Auber, turning to his colleagues. "She has said her fable of the 'Two Pigeons' very well. She must be admitted."

Thus Sarah Bernhardt, for it was she, entered the Conservatoire.—*Baltimore Sun.*

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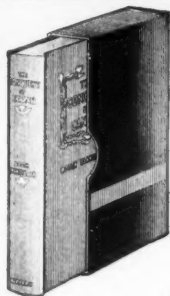
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Each a sovereign specific, with a title scientific, for the cure of things morbid that vex the people sore;

For the swift alleviation of the evils of the nation is her foreordained vocation on this sublunary shore. And while thus she's up and coming, always hurrying and humming, and occasionally slumming, this reformer of renown,

Her neglected little Dicky, ragged, dirty, tough and tricky, with his fingers soiled and sticky, is the terror of the town.—*Tit-Bits*.

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet*.

TAKES ONE IN EXCHANGE.

"What do you do when he asks you for a kiss?"

"I quote Sis Hopkins' motto to him."

"I don't believe I have ever heard it."

"There ain't nothin' in givin' nobody nothin' fer nothin'!"—*Houston Post*.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN: My little boy, have you no better way to spend this beautiful afternoon than by standing in front of the gate, idling away your time?

Boy: I ain't idling away my time. There's a chump inside with my sister, who is paying me sixpence an hour to watch for pa.—*Pick-Me-Up*.

In a pinch, use Allen's Foot-Ease.

PLEASANT JOB.

"Oh, George, I'm so glad you've come," exclaimed the sweet girl. "Father is so excited and disturbed. Do go in and calm him."

"Very well," replied Mr. Lovett, "what's the matter with him?"

"Why—er—I just told him you wanted to marry me."—*Philadelphia Press*.

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POOR PAY.

"You know I told you a few days after he employed me that he said he'd raise my wages in a month or so."

"Yes, and didn't he?"

"No. I misunderstood him. He meant he'd try and raise my first week's wages by that time. I haven't got a cent yet."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"OLD SALEM PUNCH. Delicious—Try it. S. S. Pierce Co., Boston, Mass."

SOUVENIRS.

A visitor calling on an Irishman who had the credit of being a lively heckler at political meetings, said, "What's that, Mike, that you have in the glass case?"

"Oh, that's the brick I got agin' my head at the last election."

"Oh, and what's that little flower on the top of it for?"

"That's the flower from the grave of the man that threw it."—*London News*.

PERSONS in delicate health or in need of building up should drink YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE.—*Adv.*

"When you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Long be the flame of memory found  
Alive within your social glass;  
Let that be still the magic round  
O'er which oblivion dares not pass."

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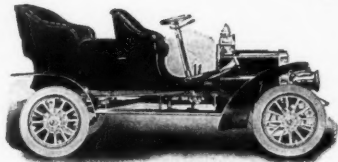
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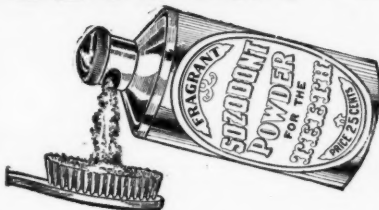
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the same—always mellow  
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injuring the natural secretions  
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Striving to make it better is the  
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Take proper  
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SOLE BOTTLERS, NEW YORK.

### Municipal Thrift.

ON the way from one town on Cape Cod to another a contributor to the *Boston Transcript* came upon a charming house by the roadside, which immediately claimed his attention. It bore a fresh coat of white paint, which was well set off by green blinds. There was a smooth piece of lawn in front, a group of fine shade-trees, and hammocks, piazza chairs, brilliant sofa pillows, and all the adjuncts of summer comfort in luxurious profusion.

"Whose place is this?" he demanded of the boy of twelve who accompanied him as guide and adviser-in-general.

"That there?" said the boy. "Oh, that there's the poorhouse."

"The poorhouse!" the man exclaimed. "You seem to have luxurious paupers in this town."

"Well, you see," was the explanation, "we hain't got but one, 'n' she's an old woman, 'n' the overseers they board her out with one o' the neighbors 'n' let the poorhouse to some o' them Boston folks for the summer, 'n' that pays her keep."—*Youth's Companion*.

It is conceded that YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE is most nourishing and refreshing.—*Adv.*

A BUSINESS man who was in a hurry called up an establishment that had failed to deliver goods as ordered. A small, boyish voice was heard at the other end of the line: "Whom do you want?"

"Mr. Brown, and hurry up, my boy."

"All right," and the receiver was hung up. In four minutes it was taken down and the small voice said: "Mr. Brown is not in. Can I aid you?"

"See here, my son," snapped the man who was in a hurry, "I want to talk with some one who can do business. When I need the office boy I will call for him. The way for you to get along is to let other things alone and attend to your own duties."

"That is what I am trying to do, sir," responded the small, soft voice. "I am the president of the company."—*Rochester Herald*.

### No Holiday.

PEOPLE have different ideas as to what constitutes a holiday—or a vacation. Mrs. Pettis had her own firmly fixed opinions on the subject.

"I don't count Thanksgiving or Christmas or Washington's Birthday or any of those, holidays," she said, frankly, to an old friend one day. "What I count a holiday is when Ezra and Jim and Bob and 'Liphlet go off up to the wood-lot with their dinner, and I know they won't be back till night."

"I'm not one to deny that men-folks have their good points, but how any woman can call a holiday when they're in the house, calling for food by looks when they aren't by words, is beyond me!"—*Youth's Companion*.

The Medical Profession recommend YOUNGER'S SCOTCH ALE on account of its purity.—*Adv.*

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A  
Triumph  
in  
Sugar  
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